

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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### THROUGH THE RANKS.

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#### CHAPTER XII.

##### THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

THE cord—such a slender cord!—was about to be loosened; the bowl—such a little, little bowl!—was about to be broken at the fountain. . . We know that Patsey had many times and oft had "trimblements in his insoide"; had been "taken wid a kind of a wakeness"; had suffered long and sorely, had suffered in many ways; but the suffering that had come to him now had come with a difference.

We may—those of us who are keeping vigil by a sick-bed—mistake sore sickness for approaching death; we can never make any mistake when death really blows with his cold breath upon the dear white face. Even the veriest tyro in nursing will recognise the dread visitant when he really comes; and now, those who watched by Patsey's bed knew that the story of the little suffering life was nearly told.

Patsey is no phantom of my brain. I am writing what I remember, not what I fancy. It is all true about this little shrivelled atomy, with the quick intelligence of a man, the heart of an angel, and the gentleness of a dove; the child of poor Irish peasant parents, and yet a little vivid personality to be remembered through the passing of the years. Very tender is my memory of him as I weave him into the meshes of my story—a living, breathing thing amid a world of phantasy!

Another ghost too, rises, as I look into the past—a little Sassenach child with great brown eyes and golden hair, who bends over little Patsey and kisses him, patting him gently with his blessed hand and saying, "Poor! poor!" but not understanding in what Patsey's poorness consists, nor yet towards what dark portal he is drifting—he, too, is gone into the land of shadows, and the two little figures, so piteously grouped together, come to me as one unbroken memory.

It was one of those nights all shadows and soft puffing wind that smites you like a baby's palm; with dark masses of cloud scudding across a pale sky, and the hush of the star-shine beyond. With a full heart Alison had hastened down the narrow, dropping street at Tim's breathless bidding—Tim, who seemed but as one of the shadows themselves, so noiselessly did he flit from side to side, or stalk backwards in the middle of the road, the better to face the lady and tell all his little tale of woe. Then, at the door of the house they stopped, Tim falling on his ragged knees and crossing his ragged breast, for they could hear the quiet voice of the priest.

They waited a while, Alison, dutifully followed by Tim, taking a few steps onwards. She was struck with the stillness everywhere. Next to a funeral, poor folk love a death-bed; but no one seemed to be troubling about little Patsey—indeed, there seemed to be no one to trouble. Hardly a light twinkled in the low bits of windows, hardly a doorstep had an occupant.

"Where are the people gone to-night, Tim?" said Alison.

"Shure an' I'm thinkin' it's blackberryin' they are, over on the hillside," and he pointed into space generally.

"Blackberrying at this time of night? Oh, Tim!"

"It's quare ways they have hereabouts, the craythurs!" said Tim; then, seeing the dark figure of the priest passing out, pulled his shaggy forelock in lieu of doffing the cap that wasn't there.

"I could not come sooner," she said to the poor sorrowing mother; "Major Henneker is away, and his wife is ill. I had to wait until my cousin came in, to be with her; but now I shall not leave Patsey any more."

And the child's feeble voice echoed her words: "not leave Patsey any more."

Alison thought within herself that it was Patsey who would leave her, this time; and she realised how the tiny creature had twined about her heart, and how empty one little niche of her life would be when he was gone.

But she had not much time to think about herself. The Irishwoman's love for her children is a passion; even the idiot child is cherished with a tenderness touching to see, and that Patsey was not like other children had only made him the more precious. Nay, there had been a feeling in the family that there was a certain distinction in such a possession; that any one could have a whole brood of ordinary children; but that Patsey was—Patsey, and no other. Then all his little winning ways; his gentle patience, his grave eyes watching them all day long, the cuteness of him in amusing the baby when that potentate was tied securely in a small chair and set beside the box bed.

When he was gone it would seem as if music had ceased to sound. Those simple souls who loved him could not put it in those words, but that was what they felt; and now Patsey's mother, overborne by the shadow of a desolation to come, stood sorely in need of comfort.

"Is it me that's to be left behind widout ye, Patsey?" she cried, rocking herself to and fro, with all the demonstrative passion of her race; "shure an' it's the owd tree should be cut down, an' not the young sapling. Oh, my bouchal! my bouchal! must ye be lavin' me? An' what will I be after doin' widout ye through the long days an' the winter nights? What will I be after doin' wid no Patsey to smole at me sweet as the angels of heaven?" Then, turning to Alison: "Take some pity, my lady, on a poor disthractid mother."

\* Boy.

"I do—I do," said Alison, a tender hand on the woman's shoulder, a pitying face bending over her, "but when you cry so loud he hears you—see, he is stirring."

"Daddy, daddy," said Patsey in a small, weary voice; and Alison looked quickly round the room, noting for the first time the father's absence—the poor father, shaggy yet loving, rough at times, yet tender at the core, as well she knew.

"Bad cess to the lot of 'em," sobbed the woman; but Tim, who had been standing on one leg in the shadow, like a stork in a garden, made a frantic gesture, and she smothered the rest of her sentence in the baby's neck.

Then the chimes fell softly from the church tower—the soft sweet chimes of Shandon—and Patsey smiled, raising his dim eyes a moment; while Alison, bending over him, heard him whisper to himself:

"Pretty bells, Patsey's dear pretty bells."

They had chimed the hour, and Tim seemed in great perturbation of spirit. He was a very restless, agitated stork now, standing first on one leg, then on the other, and finally with a sort of screwing movement of despair, casting himself down on his knees by Patsey's bed.

"Is it after going to leave me ye are, Patsey?" he cried, sobbing out the words; "will ye wait awhile, darlint, till I come back to ye? Patsey, are ye listenin' to me? Tell me now—will ye wait?"

But Patsey shook his weary head. "I can't wait for anybody," he said sadly.

The bright, smooth waves were under him; the river was hastening on to the sea.

"Well, kiss me then, darlint, for I've got to go," said Tim, weeping; and then the door opened and shut, and he was gone, a shadow among the shadows of the night.

"Is he gone to fetch your husband? Does he know where he is?" said Alison, for that little cry of "Daddy" lingered in her mind, and she had the natural shrinking which we all have from the idea of the dying being denied anything they crave for.

"The holy saints preserve us this night," replied the woman, "bad cess to them as—"

But she got no further.

One of those cruel spasms of pain took Patsey, crumpling him up as though a tangible hand had grasped him. He fought the air with his stiffened fingers, crying out yet seeming to strangle as he cried.

In a moment Alison had her arm underneath him, and his head held firm against her breast. It is, perhaps, one of the lessons of bitter suffering that it makes us brave for always.

It seemed strange indeed that such a feeble little life as Patsey's should take so much undoing. One would have thought that such a tiny flame would have flickered and gone out so easily; but after living hard—very hard indeed, it may be said—it was destined that Patsey should die hard, too. With the same gentle endurance with which he had met the one he met the other, evidently looking upon it as a struggle that had to be got through, a fight that had to be fought, and sadly resigning himself to the inevitable. Besides, it was evident that he felt surrounded by things that called for gratitude on his part, and this helped him. Some soft ripe fruit with which his dear lady moistened his parched mouth, some rose-red wine that seemed to ease the aching and dryness in his throat, some beautiful scent with which she bathed his brow, and then the soft swirl of a great feather fan, that made breathing a far more easy thing than it had been these two days past—all these things were wonderful and beautiful to Patsey, and in his intervals of quiet and freedom from pain he took in all their delight. Besides, she had come to see him very, very often; oh, far more times than Patsey could count even on both fingers, and beginning all over again when you'd got through the first time. But she had never come like this, almost as if she lived there, and Patsey belonged to her altogether.

Wasn't that her little grey bonnet lying there on the chair which had only three legs, and had to be propped against the wall, where a bit of wood stuck out "all convenient," and kept it up properly; and there was her cloak hanging on a nail by the window. Dying was hard work, thought Patsey, but it had its compensations. The red glow from the brooding peat fire, and the small flare of a guttering candle on the window-ledge showed the glint of Alison's brown, piled-up hair, and the shimmer of a locket at her throat—shone in her tender, pitiful eyes, and made a pink sparkle in the glass of red wine that stood near the candle. As the shadows trembled and changed in the corners, and the child's white, patient face showed palely in their midst, what a study for an artist would that poor room have made!

That which in the garish day would

only have been commonplace, in the shadowy night turned to beauty which held a suggestion of holiness, and the nearness of the world that is "elsewhere," yet evermore around us and about us.

As the night wore on Alison noticed that the attacks of pain came at longer intervals, leaving, however, the little sufferer more exhausted every time. Slowly but surely Patsey was nearing the dark sea; yet he had a faint, far-off smile for her now and again, and had twisted the bony fingers of his right hand into a filmy fringe that depended from her gown, as if to make sure by touch, as well as by sight, that she was not going to slip away from his side and vanish, as she had so often done before.

Baby had gone to sleep along with the hen and chickens in the little inner room. Everything was very silent, though the little window was now set back to give Patsey air, and the two pigeons who lived in a box outside under the thatch, presents from Norah, were troubled with uneasy dreams, and coo-rooed in their sleep. Still, that was a comfortable, hushing sound, and together with the soft sigh of the westerly breeze gently stirring the bushes, made more of a lullaby than anything else.

Every now and then Patsey turned a wistful look to the door, and at last Alison said softly to the mother:

"Your husband is very late to-night, is he not?"

"He's often that," replied the woman, turning her head aside.

"And Norah; has she seen Patsey?"

"Shure she was here to-day, an' the tears stramin' down her face like rain-drops on the pane. But it's in sad trouble she is herself, for her mother's terrible bad—an' there's some other sorer over her; but it's a silent sorer, an' one she won't spake of. Ses she to me, 'Me heart's riven in twain,' ses she, an' in her eyes was a terrible look o' fear, same as Mike O'Sullivan's when the polis was huntin' him, an' he came in through the back way on all-fours like a hunted baste, an' 'For God's sake in heaven,' ses he, 'hide me up.'"

Then in a moment the woman was down on her knees, her talk cut in two with the pain of seeing Patsey suffer.

She started, and shook, and prayed as she watched Alison tend him, and then, as the paroxysm passed, leaving him like some frail thing from which an evil spirit

has been cast out, her grateful heart found vent in sobbing words.

"It's you that have the brave heart that knows no fear, an' me, the boy's own mother, goin' near to lose me senses at the sight of him wid his blessed eyes struck blind, an' his blessed hands fightin' the air. Oh, the Lord love you an' comfort you, miss, in your own day o' sorer!"

If she had only known, poor simple soul, in what bitter school that noble calmness of courage had been learned! If she had only known what a terrible harvest of pain had gone to bring forth that aftermath of helpfulness!

It is hard sometimes to realise the use of sorrow and suffering in this world of ours, but there are moments when we see the beauty and the need of both.

After each bout of pain Patsey looked at the small world around him from somewhere a little further off.

The river was hastening—hastening on to the sea; but the child's straining eyes could always see his dear lady's face, and he could feel the touch of her gentle hand upon his brow.

"Dear," she said, laying her hand on the woman's shoulder, "he will not be with you long now."

Alison knew the signs: the thin, almost transparent nostril distended with each laboured breath, the little catching sob that came now and again. So the mother, striving with a noble courage to possess her soul in patience, drew nearer to the little box-bed, and the two women watched in the stillness, one on either side, until the sweet bell-voices fell trembling and vibrating into the valley, telling out the hour of eleven. Hardly, however, had the last note sounded, lingered, and trembling, died, than the silence that followed was rent by a long, pitiful, wailing cry.

"The blessed saints have mercy on us this night," cried Patsey's mother, "it's the child's warning—it's the Banshee—the Banshee! What will I be after doin' wid meself—whativer will I do?"

Even while she spoke, the piteous cry came again, close against the door this time, and Alison would have crossed the room, but the frightened woman held her by the gown.

"Nay; but I must see what it is," she said firmly, and so opened the crazy door, that creaked mightily upon its hinges, when in walked, or rather bounded, Phelim.

"Ah, Phelim now, ye low-born craythur," cried Patsey's mother, full of indignation, "what for are ye after lettin' on to be a banshee that way? Be whisht now, can't ye?"

But Phelim took no heed. He went straight to the bed, laid his ugly old head on the coverlet, and gazed into poor Patsey's face with eyes almost human in sympathy and understanding.

So three watched on, instead of two; and the wind and the pigeons had it all their own way again, the while the river hastened to the sea, and Patsey, floating on the silver ripples, got everything around him all confused in his dazed brain, so that his dear lady was his mother, and his mother spoke in Alison's voice, and Phelim seemed to be a ghost-dog ever so far away, yet always with fond and faithful eyes, and a loving tongue that touched his fingers every now and then timidly.

"Surely," said Alison, turning her head quickly towards the window, "there is the sound of singing somewhere. What can it be at such an hour as this?"

"Maybe 'tis the little boneens squealing in the 'tater patch," said Patsey's mother, pulling the shawl she had thrown about her head lower over her eyes.

"There is another sound, too—it is like the rushing of water."

"'Tis the wind rising for midnight, an' keenin' through the slantin' trees."

"No, no, no," said Alison, rising to her feet, and growing white as milk, "no, it is not the wind, it is the tramp of feet; and I have heard that song before. I ought not to be here. I must go. Oh! why did you not tell me?" And more and more like the rushing of many waters grew the gathering sound, and louder and louder the swinging rebel song.

Phelim heard it, and all his sparse hair stood erect, as with his one ear pricked up he made for the door, whining and scratching with his feet.

No sooner was the door open than he was off like an arrow from a bow, and the two women—the Sassenach and the Celt—were left looking at each other.

One tiny tug at Alison's gown, and she felt as if a strong arm had clutched her, and pulled her back.

In spite of all the Moonlighters, and all the rebel songs that were ever sung, she would not leave little Patsey until the river had borne him to the sea out of sight and ken.



Scarcely had she knelt close to him to reassure him, when the whole room was lit up with the flicker and glow of a hundred torches; black shadows chased each other wildly on the walls, and a perfect sea of sound swept by the cabin; the tread of countless feet, the song of countless voices:

Oh, sad the day and dark the hour for Erin's faithful sons,  
When tyrant laws are framed and passed the light of freedom shuns:  
No man, we're told, must e'en be bold, his colour ne'er be seen,  
With mighty frown the law puts down the Wearing of the Green.  
Well, let the powers do what they will, there's things they cannot do:  
They cannot chain the spirit down nor prove that false is true.  
So we'll bide our time, our banner yet and motto shall be seen,  
And voices shout the chorus—the Wearing of the Green.

It was almost as if the little house was struck by the force of some raging storm. Patsey's mother broke out weeping. Alison bowed her head upon her hands, and would fain have stopped her ears with her fingers. She knew now where "Daddy" was, and why Patsey had to call in vain; she knew where Tim had fled to, and why the streets had seemed so still and silent when first she came down the valley.

The flaring flame of the torches had shown her something else, too. She saw that Patsey was looking up into her face with that strange, fixed gaze which means the parting of body and soul is nigh at hand. The rush of sound was dying away as the massed rabble passed down the street, and on Patsey's face was the look of one who listens in a wondering, dreamy joy.

Again came the swing and swell of the refrain:

So we'll bide our time, our banner yet and motto shall be seen,  
And voices shout the chorus—the Wearing of the Green.

The child put his little arm about her neck.

"Hush!" he said, "it's the angels singing."

Then came a long, quivering sigh, and Alison thought all was over, but the pale lips moved again:

"Tell Tim—I—couldn't wait."

The river had reached the bright and boundless sea: the little, suffering life was ended.

Alison could not leave the poor sorrow-

ing mother for a while. Between them they laid the little frail body, which was all that was left of poor wee Patsey, in a seemly attitude of rest, with the tiny hands crossed upon the stirless breast, surely the best way of all to lay our dead for their last sleep. "Here am I, for Thou didst call me," seem those meek and folded hands to say. Then the golden curls had to be brushed all smooth and glossy, and the dim eyes closed. Surely never was a sweeter image of death seen than Patsey lying in his little bed, with the glow of the peat fire touching his marble face.

Alison comforted the mother as best she could; but what is our best at such times? Have we not all felt the hollowness of words, the helplessness of sympathy?

Alison turned at the door for one long, last look; the little waxen figure in the corner, the kneeling figure by its side, the red glow touching both.

Now she has closed the door and is out in the windy street. The soft breeze buffets her, the pale stars are overhead, shining between the ragged edges of the drifting clouds. And still she can hear the far-off sounds of many feet, and strange, inarticulate cries.

But is it really so very far off? Is it not rather coming nearer and nearer? And this time surely it is no rebel song she hears, but the awful clash of that dread music to which we who have once "taken the shilling" have so often heard our dead carried home.

Louder and louder grows the solemn dirge, nearer and nearer the tramp of a thousand feet. The clash and blare of brazen-throated trumpets make the still night throb and thrill; the low, trembling roll of the drums seems the moan of riven hearts that weep.

In her present state of tension and exaltation, it seems to Alison that the Dead March plays for little Patsey. She has forgotten how long she has fasted; how terribly the scene of the last few hours has tried her nerves; she is as one who had long since reached that stage of discipline in which it is possible wholly to forget one's own individuality; but that sort of thing has its limits, and Alison has now reached the barrier.

The crowd grows denser every moment, for the two monster gatherings have coalesced, and now form one mighty concourse. The sea of faces are lit up into unearthly pallor by the glare of the tar-

barrels on the hills, and the flicker of the torches that wave high in air. The girl is tossed hither and thither like a leaf upon a turgid stream. No open insult is offered to her—insult to a woman in the coarsest sense is quite unknown to an Irish crowd—and she is not afraid, only overwrought, and more than once in real danger of being crushed against the low stone walls that in places edge the road, or against the houses that all stand stark and dark since no man, woman, or child remains in them. Truth to say, for some time none of the crowd recognise Alison as being any different from one of themselves; they are too intent upon what they are doing. But the pressure grows, a path is being forcibly opened down the centre; here and there a woman cries out, or holds up a little child high above the heads of the people for safety; the torches away and sputter—and now—

O Heavens! what is this ghastly burden borne on men's shoulders—borne by men who step in time to the awful death-wail?

A coffin, draped in black. Another—yet another. They follow on in gruesome file—six altogether—and as they pass, men uncover, as if to the dead, and women keen and cry.

Alison's thoughts throw back to the awful hour when she saw her dearest borne away in like manner. The shriek of the fife, the roll of the drums are in her ears. She bends her head, and puts her hand to her throat. She seemed to be strangling, and would give the world to scream. But she has a fine contempt for the hysteria fiend, and fights him off bravely.

When the coffins have passed, the crowd behind surges like the sea. A woman stares into Alison's face, and then shakes her fist in it. Three or four more seem to gather round, and there is a babel of tongues that conveys no meaning to her dazed senses.

At that moment she catches sight of the haggard, staring face of Patey's father, with Tim dancing like a young demon beside him. If only they would turn and look at her! But they are drunk with fanaticism. They do not see her; they pass on.

The horrible death march is softened now by distance; it wails on the wind like a banshee, but does not rend and tear you with its deafening shriek and roll. Soon, perhaps, the crowd will grow less dense; she will be able to make her way.

She can fancy how quiet they all are at home—the Major away, the house-mother asleep; little Missy, all her golden hair astray upon her pillow, and the sweet flush of sleep upon her cheek, and Elsie—dear loving Elsie, quite happy and at rest, because Alison had said:

"If I am not home by ten, you will know that I am staying all night with Patsey."

She had never thought of such a terrible thing as this happening, and yet she had to come, late as it was.

Patsey's father would have come home, and Heaven only knew what manner of men with him—men wild with mutiny, and drunk with treason.

It could have been no place for her—the daughter of a Queen's soldier.

That thought reminded her of the regiment. What would she not have given for the gleam of a scarlet coat, and the sight of a cap with the magic number one hundred and ninety-three?

But, she remembered, the men were confined to barracks, all save the pickets and one or two men specially told off to keep a watch on runaways.

She must dree her weird as best she could; and she was no coward, this slim girl with the grave eyes, and sad, sweet mouth.

She would have thought that amid such a crowd as that now gathered together from every part of the city of Cork, unanimity would have prevailed; but the Irish temperament must be allowed for. Some vivid spirits were not only ready to fight the Sassenachs, and revenge the "murder" of the Manchester Martyrs, but were also ready and willing to fight each other, and straightway set to work to do so.

It seemed to Alison as if she herself were in the thick of the battle, though, as a matter of fact, she was only on the fringe of it; but the density and clamour of an Irish fight was, to her, an unknown quantity.

She managed to creep to the side of the road, and find some slight refuge in the shallow arch of a doorway. Three or four struggling together with unspeakable yells and howlings, staggered against her, and, all at once, the door against which she was leaning gave; she fell into a dark passage, trying to cling to the wall, but in vain. Then—what then?

A tall figure in a long dark coat filled the pale gap made by the open door;

she sees a tiny gleam of scarlet—sees one man fly this way—another that—and hears a voice cry as in extremity:

"For Heaven's sake, madam, give me your hand," and she knows even in the darkness and confusion that it is Colour-Sergeant number one company who speaks.

### SOME OLD JAMAICAN CHURCHES.

OUTSIDE—sunshine blazing from a cloudless sky, casting cool, black shadows, and drawing the breath from the earth in the shape of a shimmering haze; giant trees, of strange form and unfamiliar foliage, grouped about graves of red brick decayed and dilapidated, not from age and neglect, but from heat and drought; the cabbage palm, with its clean, smooth pillar-like trunk; the graceful water palm, known also as the Traveller's Joy, for the stalk of every leaf holds a mouthful of water; the tamarind, the mango, the bread-fruit; here a clump of blood-red Poinsettias, there a mass of purple Bougainvillias; all speaking, by their richness and thickness and vigorous growth, far more eloquently than by many words, of the boundless wealth of Nature in these latitudes.

Inside—one step out of the glare and heat, Old England, as reproduced in an old Jamaican church, the illusion being dispelled when we catch a glimpse through the unglazed, heavily jalousied windows, of palm-branches floating against such a blue sky as never was seen through English church window.

Here the hand of the restorer and moderniser has never wrought. Here is no sheen of fresh varnish, no glitter of polished brasswork, no glare of tessellated pavement, no rainbow effect of vividly tinted altar-cloth or chancel hanging. At home, this old Jamaican church would probably be considered dilapidated, and immediate steps for reparation would be taken. Its best likeness is to be found in the heart of the City of London, and even there it must be industriously sought for. Yet more than four thousand miles of ocean separate us here from London City and its quaint, sombre, ghostly, silent old churches, a fact we are reminded of by the presence of the slipshod, white-turbaned old black woman who is paddling about the pews barefooted, dusting and arranging cushions and prayer-books with half an eye on us in the regular West Indian negro fashion.

Everything around us belongs to a bygone age, and, let it be noted, to an age which, although recent if measured by our home standard of antiquity, is brimful of romance and rich in food for reflection.

The love and reverence which made our ancestors at home deck and beautify their places of worship is apparent here. The scions of good old English and Scottish families who came to the West Indies to make fortunes, remained in the West Indies to spend them; and, as they lived in royal, prodigal style, so were they careful that posterity should have substantial reasons for not forgetting them after their deaths. Just as the hand of the Briton is manifest in the sturdy red-brick houses and their pleasaunces which dot the West Indian Islands; just as the Londoner fondly memorialised his grand old city in the names of West Indian streets, and squares, and lanes; just as the Scotsman named West Indian counties, and mountains, and rivers, and towns after counties, and mountains, and rivers, and towns in his beloved homeland, so did all combine to reproduce across the wide sea the sacred fane linked by association with the days of earliest childhood.

Look, for instance, at the old organ-loft of Port Royal Church, which juts far out into the body of the church, an enormous structure of time-stained oak, carved in old fashion with cherubs' heads and festoons of flowers and foliage, supported upon sturdy pillars. You may read on the front panel in tarnished gilt letters how it was erected by the direction of John Woodruff and William Chisholm, churchwardens, in the year 1743.

Look at the massive, curious brass candelabrum suspended from the ceiling in the entrance porch of Kingston Parish Church. It is dusty and tarnished enough now, for our church is lighted by electricity, and many years have elapsed since candles twinkled in the score or so of sconces which branch out from the pendent brass; but the inscription upon it is plain enough, which sets forth that it was the gift of William O. Burne, "Marchant," Anno Domini 1728, to the Parish of Kingston, Jamaica.

The silver alms-dish handed round is dated 1707, and was the gift of an old planter, whilst the massive Communion plate goes back to the days of Dutch William. Everything else is in harmony. No new-fangled reredos, gorgeous with carving and mosaic and æsthetic colouring,

is here, but in its place the good old oaken background with the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer inscribed thereon with innumerable flourishes, enclosed with gilt carving, and surmounted by the Royal Arms. No little auctioneer's rostrum of a pulpit or reading-desk, no glittering brass lectern are here, but a regular three-decker construction with a sounding-board, and brass candlesticks, and cushioned book-supports, and—no, not an hour-glass now, but there was one within the memory of men.

Close under the pulpit is the Governor's pew, high-backed, with a red satin curtain round it; and there is Mr. Mayor's pew, and the pew for Messieurs the members of the Corporation. Dear me! If that old red-turbaned negress would only get out of sight we might be ruminating in All Hallows, Barking, or St. Olave's, Hart Street!

Even more interesting are the memorials.

The merchant of to-day often regards his West Indian home as a mere accessory to his bread-and-butter-making machinery—fortunes are not made now in the West Indies, sometimes but little butter to the bread—very likely he spends six months of every year in the old country. At any rate he hopes to die at home, and if that cannot be managed he will be buried in the new-model cemetery outside the town, and not under the stones of his West Indian church.

But the old West Indian gentlemen of the days when the home voyage was as great an undertaking as is a voyage to the North Pole now, lived and died where they made their money, just as lived and died the old London citizens, and were buried in the parish church or outside it, just as were buried the old London citizens; and so even more interesting than organ-loft, or chancel, or three-decker pulpit, or high, cushioned pews, are their memorials. No mere flimsy, temporary affairs are these memorials, be it understood, but good, sturdy, all-enduring inscriptions and embellishments deeply cut and graven on slate and stone, or printed boldly and unmistakably on imperishable marble.

As we read these a mental picture gallery is presented to us, and vividly illustrated pages of the book of the past are unfolded, by the aid of which we almost seem to be able to see and hear the actors and actresses on a stage which has disappeared for ever, and which can never be revived in its old glory.

Battle, murder, and sudden death seemingly worked havoc in the old days; but far above them in proportion towers the holocaust of victims to the climate—or, to be fair and exact, to fever. It is impossible to help remarking how often on these West Indian church monuments the three words "of yellow fever" follow the word "died"; how ruthlessly death swept the ranks of the young and the mature; how rarely we find attainment to a ripe old age. And, remarking these things, how we ought to thank Heaven that times are changed, and that nowadays a man need no more dread going to the West Indies on account of yellow fever than going to England on account of contracting consumption!

Thoroughly old-fashioned and entirely in harmony with old country traditions is the universal ascription of virtuous qualities. He who, sauntering through a London City church, has smiled at the mass of integrity, affection, virtue, kindliness, and honour recorded about him, may smile again in our West Indian church as his eyes review the memorialised regiments of good fathers, and loving husbands, and devoted wives, and affectionate children, and conscientious Governors, and public-spirited merchants, and military and naval Crichtons, especially if a few paragraphs of "Tom Cringle" came to his memory, and he thinks of the lives led by the West Indians, and of the jobbery and corruption which saturated our military and naval administration in the old days.

Let us, however, look at a few of the most noticeable memorials. Move this choir bench and read what is graven on the slate slab beneath it:

"Here lyeth interred the body of John Benbow Esquire, Admiral of the White, a true pattern of English courage who lost his life in defence of his Queen and Country, November ye fourth 1702, in the 52<sup>d</sup> year of his age by a wound in his leg received in an engagement with Monsieur Du Casse, being much lamented."

How can we help reflecting that in our National Pantheon at Westminster many an obscure nonentity lies under a magnificent monument, and that this poor slate slab, half hidden from sight and daily trodden under foot, should be deemed good enough for the fine old sea-dog who, deserted by his captains and sorely wounded, upheld the honour of his flag on this distant sea?

Read the moral conveyed by the epitaph



in this same church on Edward Tettle, who died in 1742:

Farewell, vain world  
I've had enough of thee  
I am now grown careless,  
Of what thou said to me.

Your smiles I'll court not,  
Your frowns I do not fear.  
My days are past,

My head lies quiet here.

What faults you saw in me take care to shun,  
And look at home,—there's enough to be done.

An epitaph in Spanish Town Cathedral is historically interesting:

"Here lyeth ye bodye of Colbeck of Colbeck who was born ye 30 of May 1630 and came with ye army that conquered this island (Jamaica) ye 10<sup>th</sup> day of May 1655, where, having discharged severall Hon<sup>ble</sup> offices both civill and military with great applause, he departed this life ye 22<sup>d</sup> day of February 1682."

By many inscriptions we are carried back to the old country, for, thoroughly settled as most of the old fellows were in their island homes, the old country beyond the seas was ever uppermost in their thoughts as home, and the majority of inscriptions, notably those to the memories of Scotsmen, record the name of the memorialised one's original birth-place.

Here is one to Francis Colepeper, of Hollingbourne, Kent, dated 1761. In this year the Colepepers were still in possession of their ancestral home near the pleasant little village which stands upon the line of the old pilgrim road to Canterbury, and we may be sure that Francis of Spanish Town often and often recalled its stately trees, and the quaint little church, and the fine old Elizabethan mansion facing the village street, as he sipped his Madeira on the verandah of his West Indian mansion.

So, no doubt, did Archibald Kerr, of Jedburgh, in the county of Roxburgh, often think of his home by the lonely Cheviots, ere he was laid to his rest in the year 1724; and as he rode about under the burning sun superintending the gangs, and seeing that no undue waste of "megass" was allowed, perhaps compared his lot with that of his left-handed—"ker-handed"—brethren in their troublous home in those troublous times. For in the year 1724 England and Scotland were still hammering at each other on the Border, notwithstanding that the two kingdoms had been some time united politically, and Archibald as a child might often have

heard the famous war-cry, "Jethart is here!"; might even have seen "Jethart Laa" put into execution, and certainly must have heard his nurse sing of that unfortunate family expedition over the Border and down the Usway Burn to Thropton, near Rothbury, when, out of five-and-fifty "buidly" Kerrs, not half-a-dozen came home to tell the story of defeat.

So we go on from monument to monument. There are famous names on some of them, and records of famous deeds on many. There are the records of men who have died here full of honours and of years; but far exceeding them in number are those of men cut off by what is called "the climate," but which we, in the light of dearly-bought experience, know to be either personal wilful or criminal Governmental neglect, in the very flower of their youth. Here a marble tablet bears the names of a score of these victims, all carried away at one fell swoop. There, a grotesque carving from the hand of Roubilliac memorialises the death of a young officer by the explosion of a piece of artillery during the firing of a salute. Simplicity is the prevalent characteristic, and if embellishment is attempted, it rarely goes beyond armorial bearings, or the orthodox weeping female, or the inverted torch, or the heads of cherubs.

So engrossed do we become in our examination of these links binding the present to the past, that we are startled by the clash of bells announcing the approach of the hour of divine service; and a few minutes later the swish of trailing garments and the clatter of feet warn us to secure our seats.

In pours the black portion of the congregation. It is composed for the most part of women. They are gorgeously arrayed in silks and cottons of the most bewildering brilliancy, with golden beehive-shaped ornaments in their ears, and twists of gold about their necks, and all are beaming and smiling with the utmost complacency and self-satisfaction.

With a great many of them the first duty is to take off their boots or shoes. Small wonder, for half of them are in the habit of trudging twenty or thirty miles a day bare-footed to and from market, and the other half, if they do not use their feet so hardly, at any rate never confine them.

Poor, or wanting in proper pride indeed must be that woman who cannot raise a

pair of boots or shoes for Sunday use! It means agony, you may conceive, to keep pinched up in stiff leather a pair of feet used to free, untrammelled movement, but it has to be borne, and it is borne—for a few minutes. It is managed thus. On the road to church a halt is made at about two hundred yards' distance from the building for the purpose of putting on the boots or shoes, which have been hitherto held in the hands. Church is then hobbled into, and the boots or shoes taken off, to be again put on as the service draws to a close. Church is then hobbled out of, and at a respectable distance from it the instruments of torture are again got rid of, not to be put on again until this day week.

Later, the white folk begin to arrive. The men wear orthodox black coats, and some of them are actually provided with tall hats. The women are dressed with greater regard for comfort and coolness than for display, and carry fans, if not prayer-books. The children are West Indian in appearance, which means that they are poor little white-faced, large-eyed, weedy-limbed shrimps.

Then with much ado the choir enters. It is composed of black and coloured men and women, the former very strong in the collar and cuff department, the latter in tolerably recent European fashionable attire, and all very complacent and well-pleased with themselves. Amidst the old-world surroundings of the church itself, with the old familiar chants and hymn tunes ringing in the ears, it would be hard to realise that we are in the West Indies, were it not for these lines of black faces. Nor are the old country traditions confined to the church service, for when it has finished, there is a church parade held by the black people, whilst the "buckra folk," for whom such proceedings are too hot, get into their buggies and drive off.

The black ladies have their instruments of torture on now, and their attempts to mask physical suffering with an appearance of radiant contentment would be amusing if they were not pitiful. So they chatter and laugh with much fine-ladyish air, and the young bucks ogle and say pretty things and strike attitudes until the black beadle closes the church door with a bang, thereby notifying that it is high time for all dawdlers and gossips to clear out, and allow him to get to his dinner—and out of his boots.

## NATIONAL EMBLEMS AND NATIONAL COLOURS.

IN those olden times which had formerly such a charm for poet and romancist, but much of the glamour of which has been dissipated by modern research—in the olden times it was the custom for Christian Kings to adopt, as their own distinguishing ensign, the banner of the saint whom they worshipped as their special patron and protector. Thus we find the earliest French Kings assuming for this purpose the cloak of Saint Martin, the great Apostle of the Gauls. In his heathen days Martin, according to the legend, was a military tribune at Amiens, who, one bitter winter day, shared his cloak with a beggar, to protect him from the excessive cold. At night Christ appeared to the soldier in this rent vesture, and spake to him words of good cheer. It was blue, of course; blue, in ecclesiastical heraldry, being appropriated to Confessors of the Faith, because it is the colour of fidelity; an association which may have been suggested by Numbers, chapter fifteen, verse thirty-eight, where the children of Israel, as a mark or sign, are bidden to make them fringes in the borders of their garments, and to put upon the fringe "a riband of blue." Blue being Saint Martin's colour, it became the national colour of France during the first dynasty of its Kings.

The advent of the Carolingian dynasty brought about a change in both the national colour and the national flag, red being substituted for blue, and Saint Denis for Saint Martin. The Carolingian standard was really no other than the oriflamme, which has played so conspicuous a part in French history, but was not formally adopted until 1082, in the reign of Philip the First. It consisted of a red or crimson flag mounted on a gilded staff, the flag being cut into three "vandykes," to represent "tongues of fire," with a silken tassell between each. Neither gold nor silver ornament was about it—it was "de cendal roujoyant et simple, sans pourtraiture d'aucune affaire." The old romance writers pretended that the infidel was blinded by merely looking upon it! In the "Roman de Garin" the Saracens are made to exclaim: "If we only see it, we shall be dead men." And Froissart affirms that as soon as it was unfurled at Rosbecque the fog vanished from the

French line of battle, leaving their enemies still shrouded in darkness.

Thus, red, the colour which the Church has consecrated to her martyrs, became in its turn the colour of the French Kings. They wore it on their coats-of-arms through the whole period of the Crusades, and as late as the closing decade of the fourteenth century were still faithful to this "glorious blazon." The famous Du Guesclin, fighting against our English chivalry in Poitou, wore the red cross while his adversaries wore the white. But after the great defeat at Agincourt, in 1415, the French Kings abandoned the oriflamme because it had been assumed by Henry the Fifth and his successors, and adopted white as the national colour, when England had discarded it. This is a curious but little-known historical fact.\*

But it may be surmised that in taking up white, Charles the Seventh and his son, Louis the Eleventh, were piously influenced by their devotion to the Virgin, of whose immaculate purity white was a fitting emblem. White, however, was not the only colour emblazoned by the French. During the long and bitter struggle between Catholics and Huguenots, the former carried scarves and colours of red, while scarves and colours of white were assumed by the King of Navarre and his partisans. Even the tricolour, which the French Revolution nationalised, was frequently used by the French sovereigns, not in their standards, perhaps, but in their liveries. Francis the First, Henry the Second, Francis the Second, and Henry the Third introduced it into the costume of their pages. In the reign of Henri Quatre, the three colours were united in the uniform of the halberdiers and the Court dress of the King's "valets-de-pied."

It is pretended that the combination was devised by Mary Stuart, during her brief reign as Queen of Francis the Second, the white representing France, the blue Scotland, and the red Switzerland—in compliment to the Swiss Guards, who were

uniformed in red—but, as we have seen, it was known before her time.

Towards the close of Henry the Fourth's reign, the Dutch, having thrown off the Spanish yoke, requested permission from the French King to assume his colours. He assented, and sent to the Stadtholder a tricolour, which is still the flag of Holland. Unlike the French, it is divided horizontally, in the following order: red (top), white, blue.

Some seventy or eighty years before France was involved in the flames of the Revolution—that is, at the epoch of the War of the Succession, when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the Allied soldiers by a cockade, which combined the colours of the three nations: the white of France, the red of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of these incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolour and cockade adopted by Revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularised at the Palais Royal, would have become the national colour; but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon Princes, and it was thereupon discarded. A proposition was then made to assume the colours of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Après." To these was added the "white" of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the National Guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolour definitively adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis the Sixteenth in the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville; and the Convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colours—"disposées en trois bandes égales, de manière que le bleu soit attaché à la garde du pavillon, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward, and the white between. This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino, and the Danube; which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital. After all, it held within its folds

\* This standard was powdered with fleurs-de-lys, which were eventually reduced to three in number, as symbolical, perhaps, of the Trinity. They represent, though very imperfectly, three flowers of the white lily joined together; and not, I think, as some authorities affirm, the white iris, though the latter is often called flower-de-luce. The white flag flourished until the introduction of the tricolour. At the Bourbon restoration, in 1830, it was revived, but finally hauled down in 1850. During the two Napoleonic empires, the tricolour was powdered with bees, and its middle stripe charged with the Imperial eagle.

the two monarchical colours, red and white, for a great nation cannot cut itself off from its past. But a French writer claims for it a greater antiquity than this fact implies. Its colours, he says, are those adopted, eighteen centuries ago and more, by the old aboriginal Gallic tribes; the blue being that of Celtic Gaul, the white of Belgic Gaul, and the red of Aquitanian Gaul; the three peoples among which, as one learned in one's boyhood, "*omnis Gallia est divisa*."

The "scarf" calls for a few words of notice. It was at first an ensign of chivalry. That of the "*preux chevalier*" was always of the colour which his lady preferred. Frequently the lady herself bestowed it upon her favoured knight, then it became an "*emprise*," and according to a rule of chivalry he held it until some more fortunate knight prevailed over him in the lists, or until some enterprise which she had imposed upon him was accomplished.

When the Orders of Chivalry were established, the scarf, by its shape and colour, served to distinguish them from one another. The commanders of armies, and the leaders of factions, such as the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Italy, or the Protestants and Catholics of Germany at a later date, and our own Roundheads and Cavaliers, followed the example. The scarf worn by the Crusaders was white, and they wore it "*en sautoir*," or across the breast obliquely, as was the custom down to the seventeenth century. That of the Huguenots was red, that of the Leaguers black, from the death of their great leader, Guise, until on the assassination of Henry the Third they changed it to green, substituting the colour of hope for that of sorrow and mourning. In 1692, after the battle of Steinkirk, the scarf was transformed into a cravat, which was soon afterwards replaced by the cockade.

The Stuart cockade was white, the Hanoverian black. In the song which commemorates the battle of Sheriffmuir, our English soldiers are called "*the red-coat lads w' black cockades*"; and to these black cockades allusion is often made by Fielding and Smollett. The French, before the Revolution, was white. The Austrian is black and yellow; the Prussian, black and white.

As an emblem from the animal world, England has annexed the lion; and notwithstanding Livingstone's depreciation

of the king of beasts, I am not sure that our masterful nation could have made a better choice. In the Royal arms are three lions passant, gardant—in heraldic language—that is, walking and showing the full face. The first lion was borrowed from the arms of Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and the second represented the province of Maine. These were the two lions borne by William the First, William the Second, Henry the First, and Stephen. Henry the Second added a third to represent the Duchy of Aquitaine, which he had acquired through his wife Eleanor. The French heralds call the lion passant a "*leopard*"; and Napoleon was fond of boasting to his soldiers that he would drive "*the leopards into the sea*"—but he never did!

"Supporters" were introduced by Edward the Third, who planted on the dexter side of the Royal shield a lion, and on the sinister an eagle. The lion was retained by his successors, but for the eagle each sovereign, until the accession of James the First, substituted his own family badge: Henry the Fifth, an antelope; Edward the Fourth, a bull; Richard the Third, the historic boar; Henry the Seventh, the Tudor dragon; Henry the Eighth, Mary, and Elizabeth, a greyhound. James the First replaced the greyhound by the legendary unicorn, and the lion and the unicorn have never since been disturbed in their companionship.

The lion rampant, in the arms of the northern kingdom, was first assumed by King William of Scotland. It was borrowed from the arms of the Earl of Huntingdon, from whom the Scottish sovereigns partly traced their descent.

In those days princes and paladins took a strange delight in such heraldic devices. Henry the First bore a golden lion; Richard the First, a sleeping lion; Henry the Eighth, a lion crowned; Edward the Fourth—but here let me quote from Lord Lytton, who, in his picturesque romance, "*The Last of the Barons*," describing the approach to the Royal gardens, says: "*The stairs were covered with leathern carpets, powdered with the white rose and the fleur de lis; either side lined by the bearers of the many banners of Edward, displaying the white lion of March, the black bull of Clare, the cross of Jerusalem, the dragon of Aragon, and the rising sun, which he had assumed as his peculiar war badge since the battle of Mortimer's Cross.*" At Barnet the silver sun was the



cognisance on all his banners, and shone victoriously on that bloody field.

The national emblems which France at different times has taken up from the animal world are the cock and the eagle. When the former was adopted, authorities—after their manner—are not agreed; but by a process of elimination it can easily be shown to be of comparatively recent date. Thus, none of the French Kings patronised Chanticleer. A lion was the device of Philip Augustus; a wild boar of Louis the Eighth; a dragon of St. Louis; an eagle of Philip the Bold; a leopard of Charles the Fair. King John's device was a swan; Charles the Fifth's, a greyhound; Charles the Seventh and Charles the Eighth displayed a winged stag; Louis the Twelfth, a porcupine; and Francis the First, a salamander. In fact, the Gallic cock does not seem to have crowded or clapped its wings until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the medallists took possession of it. In 1665, the town of Quesnoy was delivered from the Spaniards by a French army. A medal was struck to commemorate the victory, and upon its obverse was engraved a cock (France) in full pursuit of a lion (Spain), together with the inscription, "*Cantat, fugat,*" in evident allusion to a superstition of the ancients, that the cock, by his crowing, could put to flight the king of beasts.

Thenceforth the cock is not infrequently met with as a Gallic emblem; but it did not attain a national character until the French Revolution. In 1789 it was adopted by the National Guard, apparently from a classical reminiscence that in the old mythology it figured as the bird of Mars. But only for a brief period was it allowed to enjoy its "pride of place." The din of the Reign of Terror silenced it; the red Cap of Liberty terrified it into flight; and after 1793 it is met with no more except in foreign caricatures.

We come next to the eagle, which is met with in the heraldry of all warlike races. The strength and vigour of its flight, its apparent courage, its glowing eye, its home among the misty crags, all these particulars impressed the imagination of the world's "grey forefathers"; so that in their myths and legends the eagle is always to the fore. You hear its far-spreading pinions winnowing the air. The bird of Zeus, you see it grasping the thunderbolt in its talons. It fears not the blinding radiance of the sun. Oftentimes it employs

its prowess and puissance as a champion and deliverer. It is represented as saving Helen when the sacerdotal knife had been whetted to shed her blood; as saving Valeria Lupera, when she was being led as a victim to the altar. It was everywhere accepted as the enemy of death—as the symbol of immortality. According to the poets, every decade it soars into the "fiery region," and thence swoops down into the sea, to take on a new coat of plumage and a new lease of life. So Spenser sings:

An eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,  
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
And decks himself with feathers youthly gay.

In the mythologies it is the bird of power, victory, dominion. The Garuda of the Hindu is the bearer of the god Vishnu, and with its radiance overcomes all evil spirits. In the Greek we are told that when Zeus was preparing for his war against the Titans, an eagle brought him a thunderbolt, and thereafter he took the bird as his emblem. In the Norse mythology it is a sombre figure, assumed by demons, or perhaps by Odin himself, shrouded in tempest-clouds, or in the gloom of night. The storm-giant, Hraiwelgr, sits in the guise of an eagle on the threshold of heaven, and blows blasts of wind over all the earth; while on the great tree Ygdrasil an eagle watches everything that happens. In Egypt it was the emblem of the river-god, the Nile.

As a symbol of celestial power it naturally came to typify earthly power. In warfare it seems to have been first carried by the Persians, who believed that Mithra—the sun—deigning to reveal himself in a visible form, took that of the eagle; and it was a golden eagle, brilliant as the sun, which Cyrus planted on all his standards. Its martial fame, however, it owes to the Romans, who from a very early period selected it as their national device. Under their Kings, under their Consuls, under their Emperors, it led their armies to victory. Eagles of bronze or silver, with wings outstretched as if yearning to speed to far-off lands, were carried before the legions on long poles, and inspired them with a spirit of indomitable resolve. Each legion had its own eagle, which it regarded with almost religious veneration. The soldiers swore by it solemnly as by a divinity, and such oaths were held to be of peculiar sacredness. And it retained among the Romans its protective character; a criminal about to fall beneath the cen-

turion's axe, or a prisoner condemned to death, escaped if he could succeed in grasping the standard-bearer's staff, and thus placing himself under the protection of the mystic eagle.

In the Roman triumphs it was the centre of pomp and circumstance; crowns of laurels and garlands of flowers adorned it. When a legion chose a site for its camp, its eagle was set up in the centre; if two legions encamped together, they planted a double eagle, with heads and wings opposed, on their boundary line; a practice which explains, perhaps, the two-fold eagle engraved on the Column of Antoninus. At all events, this eagle must not be mistaken for the prototype of the double-headed bird which the Byzantine Emperors adopted as symbolical of their sovereignty over the East and West.

If the battle went against the Romans, as on the fatal field of Thrasymene, they never suffered their eagles to fall into the victors' hands. The standard-bearer snapped his spear in twain, and buried deep the eagle and the broken staff which it surmounted. To the devout care of a standard-bearer on one such occasion we are indebted for the sole legionary eagle which has come down to us. It was found in Germany, on the lands of the Count von Erlach—made of bronze, gilded; twenty inches high; weighing eight pounds. The bearer had doubtlessly buried it when he saw his legion, the twenty-third, giving way before the German attack. Thus the enemies of Rome might prove victorious, but were allowed no opportunity of exhibiting what would have been their fairest trophies—except in the case of the wretched Varus, whose eternal shame it was to witness not only the destruction of his legions, but the loss of their eagles.

It was a tradition of the North that two of these were carried away by the conquering bands of Arminius; and that one, of bronze, was given to the Germans; the other, of silver, to the Sarmatians. Hence the black eagle in the arms of Germany; the white in those of Poland. Picturesque, but not true! Certainly, the Empire, which now bears a double-headed eagle, was at first contented with the bird "au naturel"; but this was inherited from the Roman Cæsars, whom the German Emperors represented. The bird received a second head in 802, to typify the union of Germany and Rome.

The Muscovites, as they increased in power, grew jealous of this double-headed

emblem, and Ivan the Third, on marrying the daughter of the Greek Emperor, Michael Palæologus, thought himself entitled to carry it also. He therefore gave orders that on all his coinage a double-headed eagle should be engraved, corresponding in every detail with the Imperial bird of Germany. But when the new currency appeared, lo and behold, the Russian eagle, instead of soaring with outspread wings, carried its pinions drooping; and the indignant Czar immediately hung the designers and engravers who had ventured on this deviation.

The eagle was adopted by Napoleon when he became Emperor in 1804. The grand ceremony of distributing the new emblem to the army, in place of the national colours, took place in the Champ de Mars on the day after his coronation. Before the Emperor, who was seated on a magnificent throne, deployed his splendid columns. He rose and addressed them: "Soldiers, behold your colours! These eagles will always be your rallying-point. They will always be where your Emperor may think them necessary for the defence of his throne and his people. Swear to sacrifice your lives in their defence, and by your courage to keep them constantly in the path of victory. Swear!"

These eagles, during the years of Napoleon's reign, were carried on many an arduous march and bloody battle-field. The French soldiers came to regard them with a sentiment of devotion worthy of the ancient Romans—a sentiment which Napoleon carefully nourished. In his eloquent speeches and bulletins allusions to the eagles were seldom absent. The scene when, after his abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814, he bade farewell to his Old Guard, was characteristic. In concluding his address, he said: "Adieu, my comrades! I should wish to press you all to my bosom; let me at least embrace your standard." At these words General Petit, who was in command, took the eagle and came forward. Napoleon received him in his arms, and kissed the eagle. The silence was broken only by the sobs of the veterans. "Farewell, once more, my old comrades! Let this kiss be imprinted on all your hearts!"

So much for the Imperial eagle of France, which was abolished by the Bourbons, restored by Napoleon the Third in 1852, and finally set aside by the Republic in 1870.

The standard of the United States—

"the stars and stripes"—has seven red bars on a white ground, and in the upper corner a square of forty-two white stars, one for each State, upon a field azure. The German Imperial standard shows the historic iron cross on a gold or yellow field, each quarter being charged with three black eagles and an Imperial crown, while over the whole is a yellow or gold shield, with the Imperial arms ensigned with a crown and surrounded by the collar of the Black Eagle—a truly elaborate piece of heraldic work! The Russian standard is yellow, and carries the arms of the empire. The white standard—blue bordered—of Italy is decorated with a fine show of the King's armorial bearings. The Belgian standard is striped vertically, in black, yellow, and red; that of the Netherlands horizontally, in red, white, and blue. Each carries the Royal achievement. The Imperial standard of Austria displays the eagle of the empire on a yellow field, and has an indented border of gold, silver, blue, and black. The Spanish standard is blazoned all over with the Royal quarterings; that of Portugal is red, charged with the Portuguese arms and crown. The ancient flag of Denmark—it dates from the thirteenth century—is red, with a white cross, which, in a central square, has the Royal arms, surrounded by the collars of the Elephant and the Dannebrog.

And now for a few words upon devices.

A device may be described as a kind of "figured metaphor," by means of which one object is represented by another which bears a likeness to it. Thus, the life of a man, his origin, his high deeds, by an emblem or image. Even the ancients made use of devices, Kings and chiefs carrying them on their bucklers and ensigns; as a rule, however, these were simply emblems without legends. Thus, at the siege of Thebes, the soothsayer Amphiaræus carried a dragon on his buckler, Perseus a Gorgon's head, Capaneus a hydra, and Polynices a sphynx—a symbolical reminiscence of the means by which his father Œdipus attained to sovereign power.

In the course of time the device was developed, and a meaning put into it. For example, Augustus engraved on his coinage an anchor entwined with a dolphin, and the inscription, "*Festina lente*." But it was not until mediæval times—the age of romance and chivalry—when tourneys, carousels, and all manner of chivalrous functions rendered the use of these pic-

turesque devices absolutely necessary. Then they branched out into four distinct varieties: 1, those designed in imitation of arabesques, by colours or combinations of colours, of which the last existing souvenir is the "*lacs d'amour*," which may still be seen on the escutcheon of the Kings of Sardinia; 2, devices enclosing only words, and therefore known as "*âmes sans corps*"; 3, those which had a figure but no words, "*corps sans âme*"; 4, those which had both body, "*corps*," and soul, "*âme*," that is, both the material representative of the idea, and the legend or interpreting motto.

To the fourth class a few words may be given, as it was the class which gained the widest popularity and enjoyed the longest life. The art of composing them was subjected to severe rules. The "*body*" and the "*soul*" were required to be in such relation to each other that the "*soul*" should invariably explain the "*body*." The legend must be concise, neatly turned, and ingeniously suggestive—like the "*Desdichado*" of the disinherited knight in "*Ivanhoe*." It had always to be applicable to the person, as well as to the material object forming the "*body*," and it must not be drawn from things unknown, nor must it be too enigmatic, or too facile, too humble, or, above all, too arrogant. Again, it was essential that the figure should be agreeable to the eye, and its idea to the mind. Finally, the device was perfect only when the "*body*" was unique, and the "*soul*," or motto, in a language which was not the mother-tongue of him who bore it.

The motto ought not to contain more than eight syllables. That of our Order of the Garter, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," contains only seven; that of our Kings, "*Dieu et mon droit*," only four. The device of Leo the Tenth was a yoke, with "*Suave*" for the motto—"The yoke of the Lord is sweet." That of Henry the Third, King of France and Poland, two crowns on the earth, and one up above, with the motto "*Manet ultima cælo*;" that of Charles the Fifth, the pillars of Hercules, and the legend "*Ne plus ultra*." Devices went out of vogue in the seventeenth century, and now survive only in the coats-of-arms of our older families, where the reader, if he be so disposed, may study them at leisure, and examine how nearly they approach the ideal embodied in the foregoing rules.

## ONLY JACK.

## A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

HE was tall, and by no means ill-looking, with dark brown hair and eyes, and straight, well-cut features; a pleasant, manly fellow enough, whom everybody liked, and nobody considered.

For he was "only Jack." In those words you read the whole history of his position; so far, at least, as his domestic life was concerned.

Some people seem born to be slighted and put upon; Jack was one of them.

His sisters made use of him when it served their purpose, and then forgot his very existence until the next time they wanted him; his mother never dreamed of consulting him until she had made up her own mind, when she entrusted him with the execution of her wishes, he, of course, defraying all expenses. Why should she trouble herself with the discussion of details and such annoying matters? Why should she ask his opinion? It was "only Jack," she said.

Mother and sisters all lived in Jack's house, and they lived in very good style. That is to say, they spent a great deal of money, and kept a great deal of company; and whatever Jack thought about it, he never said a word. Why, indeed, should he, when nobody asked his opinion?

Jack had been the nominal head of the family for some years, and the actual head of Myerson's Bank. He was very regular in his attendance at the bank, and no one there would ever have dreamed of applying that slighting epithet "only" to Mr. Myerson. Perhaps this was one reason why he spent so many hours beneath that respectable, if somewhat sombre, roof; for, after all, it is never pleasant to be treated as a person of no consequence; and the most simple, unassuming nature cannot feel exactly grateful to those who consistently adopt this tone. But whatever he felt, Jack said nothing, and so nobody was any the wiser.

Jack's house—the house where his father and grandfather had lived before him—stood some little way out of the town. It was a rambling, picturesque old building, all overgrown with ivy and flowering creepers, and the grounds that surrounded it were extremely beautiful. It was a very pleasant house to stay at, and so many people knew who had been fortunate enough to receive an invitation to pass a

few days there; but the guests rarely remained long, more especially if they were ladies, and not—as yet—well stricken in years; for the Myerson girls liked change, and usually tired of their acquaintances with astonishing rapidity. "A week," said Constance, the younger and cleverer sister, "is amply long enough to exhaust the average person's topics of conversation, and when those are once exhausted, the person becomes a bore. It is then better to part, and to start fresh;" and on this theory she consistently acted.

BUT every rule must have its exceptions: little Minnie Brender had already been at least fourteen days beneath the Myersons' hospitable roof, and there was as yet no talk of her leaving; on the contrary, Constance herself spoke of engagements a week hence, taking it for granted, apparently, that Minnie would bear her part in them, and seeming not only contented, but well pleased that it should be so; and yet the girl's topics of conversation were by no means particularly varied. What, then, was the meaning of it? Jack, who was rather an observing young man in a quiet sort of way, would very much have liked to know; but there was nothing in the circumstances of the case—so far as he was acquainted with them—which could throw any light upon the mystery.

Constance had made Minnie's acquaintance while on a visit to a friend; she liked her, she said, and wished to see more of her. But then Constance liked so many people; there was nothing unusual in that, though there was in the fact that the liking had lasted so long. Minnie was a pretty little thing, with big, soft eyes, and a nice voice; not at all like Jack's sisters, who were tall, stately young women, in whose nature softness and gentleness were by no means pronounced characteristics. She seemed a little shy, too, Jack thought; but then, to be sure, he had scarcely said two words to her except at the dinner-table, and there were always such a lot of people about that a fellow had no opportunity of really making acquaintance with any one of them. Besides, when they usually stayed such a very short time, it was really hardly worth while to do so; from which it will be seen that Jack's views on these matters differed considerably from his sister's, though it was not often that the difference caused him anything more than a momentary feeling of regret.

Jack had returned from the bank much



earlier than usual one afternoon, and was pondering in a quiet way over this matter while he smoked a peaceful cigar in the garden, when the sound of voices attracted his attention. He strolled on down the path; and as he approached the speakers, the following words fell on his ear.

"No, Connie; I cannot do it. Don't ask me."

"Nonsense, you ridiculous child! I tell you, it's only Jack!"

"That is no reason why I——" she broke off suddenly, colouring hotly, as Jack himself emerged from the shadows of the shrubbery on to the sunlit lawn.

"There, did you ever see such a coincidence?" Constance exclaimed. "We were just speaking of you; Minnie wanted to ask you——"

"No, indeed! I never thought of such a thing!"

"Oh, yes, you did! Don't be absurd, dear. The fact is, Jack, her guardian is staying at the Venners', and she wants to go and see him; but we have to drive in the opposite direction, so we thought——"

"Please, Connie, don't say any more; you mean it kindly, but——"

"Will you walk over there with her?"

"Delighted, of course, if——"

"It's all settled, then. I must go and dress; good-bye, and a pleasant walk to you."

And Constance swept across the lawn, without giving them time to raise any objections. That was Constance's way; she always settled things out of hand, and often without paying much attention to other people's wishes in the matter.

Jack began to laugh; Constance's little ways often amused him immensely, though she was far from suspecting it; then, seeing that Minnie really looked embarrassed and annoyed, he stopped abruptly.

"I hope you don't mind Con's nonsense?" he said. "It isn't worth bothering about. You know I shall really be very glad to take you over there."

"Indeed, Mr. Myerson, I couldn't think of it! I don't particularly care about going, and I never dreamed of asking you; it was all Connie's doing."

"I know that," hastily; "but if you wish to go——"

"But I don't! At least—it's of no consequence, thank you."

"But we have neither of us anything to do this afternoon, and if you want to see

your friend, I want particularly to see Dick Venner—— No, it isn't humbug!" as she looked at him questioningly: "I really mean it. Won't you let me be of use to you?"

"You are very kind, but—have you really nothing better to do?"

"Really and truly!" and he smiled. He had a very nice smile, she thought.

"Are you ready, for if so, we may as well be off at once!"

So they started; and reaching the garden-gate, passed out into the narrow, winding lane, which led through pleasant fields fragrant with new-mown hay, to the Venners' house some two miles distant. It was a charming walk, up hill and down dale; with ever-varying views, and no monotony about it.

Minnie was rather silent at first; perhaps Jack's polite assurances had only half satisfied her, perhaps she had private causes for preoccupation quite apart from him; whatever the reason, he certainly found conversation somewhat uphill work; but he persevered gallantly, and at length his efforts were rewarded. Needless to say, his conversational powers were not highly thought of in his own family; and, in point of fact, he was not a ready talker; there was small inducement to talk, when no one apparently cared to listen; and his sisters' girl friends were not usually the sort of women he cared to talk to; they were apt to be fast, and rather noisy, and a little too conscious of their own attractions to attract him.

But with this quiet little thing, it was different; if she did not say much, he soon found she was an admirable listener, and scarcely had he discovered this before she was taking her share—a very small and timid one—in the conversation. Jack felt quite proud, and began to enjoy himself amazingly. Yes; it was a very pleasant walk!

At length the chimneys of the Venners' house appeared above the trees, and Jack pointed them out to his companion.

"We shall be there in five minutes now," he said regretfully.

"So soon? I did not know we had come so far," she replied, looking along the road before them. "I wonder whether he will be out?"

Something in her tone—some fleeting expression in her soft grey eyes—made him fancy it would not occasion her deep regret if he were; but this might be a mistaken idea.

"He is not expecting you, then?"

"Oh, no! He does not know I am here. But Constance thought I ought to go and see him. It was she who told me he was visiting the Venners."

"Constance is very fond of telling people what they ought to do," he laughed. "Don't let her order you about too much, or she'll give you no peace."

"She was quite right in this case. Colonel Leigh has always been very kind to me, and I owe him every respect and consideration," she said, quietly but firmly; rather too firmly, he thought, for the circumstances, but then, perhaps, he hardly understood what those circumstances were.

"He is your guardian, is he not?" he asked, as he paused to open the gate.

"Yes. What a pretty drive! I have never been here before, but the views are lovely."

Apparently she did not wish to discuss Colonel Leigh, and Jack felt a sudden curiosity to see the man; which, however, as he presently learnt on enquiry at the front door, was not to be gratified for the present.

"The Colonel's out, sir; went out directly after luncheon with my mistress and the young ladies, and they've not been in since; and Mr. Dick, he's out, too. Won't you come in and rest, sir; and won't the young lady have some tea after her walk?"

"What do you say, Miss Brender; shall we wait?"

"If the Colonel is likely to return——" Minnie began doubtfully.

"He may, miss; and then again he may not. Let me bring the tea out in the verandah, miss, and perhaps he'll be in while you're taking it."

"I really think we'd better say yes," Jack said, as she looked at him in evident hesitation. "Mrs. Venner was quite hurt once when the girls went home without letting Jones give them tea; wasn't she, Jones?"

"She was, sir. She told me as 'ow I was never to let it 'appen again."

"Then we will have it, please; and let the Colonel know directly he comes in," Minnie said, with a sudden air of resolution.

"Yes, miss."

He conducted them through a wide hall to the drawing-room, and thence to the verandah, where, under masses of clustering roses that filled the air with their

delicious perfume, the tea-table stood ready.

"This is certainly better than trudging back at once," said Jack, as they sat in the pleasant shade, and waited for the tea.

"Don't you think so?"

"Yes, but—it seems rather cool making ourselves at home in this way. I suppose you know Mrs. Venner very well?"

"Rather! I assure you we are doing the very thing of all others she would approve of, so you may be quite easy on that score," Jack said reassuringly, as he took off his hat and hung it on the creepers near. "Odd thing your friend should be here, and just now, too!" he added thoughtfully.

"Not so very odd, for Colonel Leigh has a great many friends. I should not have known he was here if Constance had not told me."

"Does Constance know him, then? Ah, like your guardian, she has a great many friends!"

"She has met him, I believe; and they have mutual acquaintances. I think it must be very confusing to have so many friends; a few would be much nicer."

"Oh, if you found you were getting mixed amongst them you could easily drop a few—as Con does."

"But I should not like that at all. It would seem so heartless and unkind," she exclaimed.

"That wouldn't trouble her!" cynically.

"No, don't look so horrified, Miss Brender; I'm not defending the system, I'm only explaining to you how it is done."

"But you don't approve of it?" the girl asked, looking at him doubtfully.

"Not in the least. It is contrary alike to my principles and my practice. I believe in having few friends, and never changing them. But in the sort of whirling society my people go in for, it's next to impossible even to make a friend, far less keep one."

"What a pity!" sympathetically. "But you have the Venners, and neighbours like them?"

"Oh, yes, we have lots of neighbours; any number of them. But then one doesn't choose one's friends simply because they happen to live next door."

"That is true," thoughtfully.

"In fact," Jack continued, "they have to be very much one's friends before one can get over their living next door at all."

"You would realise the truth of that

very forcibly if you lived, as I do, in a little village," Minnie laughed. "Next-door neighbours are Miss Framley's pet grievance, and they give us no peace. Miss Framley is my governess, you know, and she is very particular about the acquaintances we make."

"She is quite right," Jack said emphatically; and somehow he felt glad to know how carefully this pretty little girl was guarded in her home life.

So they talked on, idly enough, until the arrival of Jones and the tea-tray gave them some further occupation; and Minnie grew quite bright and animated over the cake and thin bread-and-butter. The novelty of the position, as she thus did the honours in somebody else's house, appeared to afford her a certain childlike satisfaction, and she laughed and chatted more gaily than Jack had ever heard her before; so that altogether it was a very cheerful little party that sat in Mrs. Venner's verandah that sunny afternoon.

So, at least, thought one unseen spectator, as he paused for a moment at the drawing-room window and gazed at the scene before him with wondering eyes. Then he stepped out on to the verandah, and Minnie turned with a little start and saw him.

"Colonel!" she cried, and she sprang up to meet him. "You have come back, then!"

"Yes, I have come back," he said quietly as he shook hands with her. "Were you waiting for me?"

"Of course; did not the man tell you? I came here to see you."

"And where are you staying, if I may ask?"

"With the Myersons, two miles off. Mr. Myerson kindly walked over with me as I did not know the way," she added, introducing him rather nervously, Jack thought.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Myerson." He spoke with perfect courtesy, but not the slightest cordiality. "I am sorry I was not in when you arrived. You should have sent me word, Minnie."

"But I thought you were leaving to-morrow. Connie told me I had better come at once."

"Do you mean Miss Myerson?" he asked. "Do I owe this visit to her?"

Somehow he looked as though the suggestion were scarcely an agreeable one to him.

"Yes; at least, she suggested it."

"She is very good to interest herself in my affairs."

He spoke in a perfectly colourless tone, and yet Jack felt uneasy as he heard him. He scarcely knew why, but he had an uncomfortable conviction that Connie had better not have meddled in the matter.

Colonel Leigh was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, whose appearance would have commanded attention anywhere; his hair was slightly grizzled, but his age could not have exceeded fifty, if, indeed, it were so much, and his expression was singularly cold and severe.

Minnie was very evidently afraid of him, and his manner to her, though profoundly courteous, was by no means reassuring. She might owe him every respect and consideration; she said she did, and no doubt she knew best, and the debt would be paid to the uttermost farthing, of that Jack felt sure; but she wasn't fond of him, and the young man noticed with a satisfaction for which he did not attempt to account, that she was not half so much at ease now as she had been a quarter of an hour ago.

"Has Mrs. Venner come in yet?" he asked presently, wondering a little at her non-appearance.

"No," the Colonel replied, "she has gone on to see a friend with her daughters, and will not be back for some time."

Jack began to feel uncomfortably in the way. Conversation flagged terribly, so presently he rose, and strolled off down the garden under the pretence of seeing Dick's dogs.

"Perhaps he wants to talk to her, and I'm in the way," he said to himself; and yet there was an appealing look in Minnie's big eyes as he turned away, which almost recalled him to her side.

He did not stay in the garden long, and as he came back to the verandah he heard Colonel Leigh say with great distinctness:

"That is enough, Minnie; we will now drop the subject. You meant no harm, I know, but it must not happen again."

"And you are not angry with me?"

"I have said you meant no harm. Miss Myerson should not have done it, but it can't be helped now; and you— Ah, Mr. Myerson, are you ready? Miss Brender is sufficiently rested now to return home."

"I'm quite at her service. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you there, while you are in the neighbourhood?"

"Thank you. Your mother has kindly

sent me an invitation for the day after tomorrow, so we shall meet again."

"Oh, yes; the girls have a dance coming off, I know."

Minnie looked a little surprised, Jack thought, but she said nothing, and the Colonel made no further allusion to the subject.

He walked down the drive with them, and saw them fairly started on their homeward way. Then he turned away and strode back to the house, a very sombre look on his grave face.

## THE GREY BOY.

A SHORT SERIAL STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

How cold it was!

A biting north-east wind swept the little country station from end to end, driving before it fine particles of snow which had already whitened the platform and railroad, though the snow had only begun to fall half an hour ago.

"We'll be about snowed up when the wind falls and gives it a chance," said the station-master cheerfully, to one of the two passengers who were unfortunate enough to find themselves stranded on the platform of Weybourne Station.

It was about five o'clock on a mid-December afternoon. One of the passengers, unaccustomed to time-tables, and helplessly inexperienced in the ways of travelling altogether, had made a mistake, and had discovered, on alighting from the London train which passed through Weybourne at three o'clock, to change to a local line, that she would have to wait three hours before she could get a train to take her on to her ultimate destination.

To the sympathising pity of the station-master, she had been waiting there ever since. At five o'clock there was still another hour before her. During the first hour and a half, though other trains had passed through the station and two had even stopped there, she had shared the station with the sympathising station-master and a surly porter, whose air of glancing at her as if he considered that it was entirely for her convenience that he was detained there in the rising gale, further depressed her. About half-past four, however, the second train that stopped had deposited another passenger on the platform, who, from some words

she caught as he spoke to the station-master, seemed to be going on to the same place as herself.

Faintly relieved, and feeling that the gloomy porter could no longer be aggrieved that he had had all his trouble for nothing, she retreated once more to the waiting-room, from which she had emerged on the arrival of the train, partly for a little variation in the monotony of waiting for her own, and partly from that indefinable fear that haunts the brain of the female traveller unaccustomed to the ways of travel, that though her own train was not due for another hour and a half, this particular one might be it. But she did not stay many moments on the platform. The biting wind with its whirling, stinging burden of powdered snow, the gloom of the badly-lighted station, its light made still more uncertain by the blustering wind-gusts, drove her back to the comparative comfort of the waiting-room.

The care of the station-master had, at any rate, ensured a good fire for her. She sat down again forlornly near the fire, to possess her soul in patience for the hour and a half that had still to drag out its weary length. She had read all the literature in which her slender travelling resources had allowed her to indulge.

But when, after about a quarter of an hour, the door opened brusquely, and her fellow passenger entered, she hastily, in a fit of shyness, took up the cheap periodical she had already read from the first word to the last, including most of the advertisements on the cover, and pretended to be absorbed in it once more.

The other passenger, a young man about the middle height, comfortably muffled up in a thick ulster, looked slightly astonished at seeing her there.

As he glanced at her, he saw her shiver in the gust of icy wind that swept with him into the waiting-room. He hastily shut the door and came forward to the middle of the room, glancing again at her, first with an indifferent curiosity, then with greater interest, as he caught a glimpse of the hair coiled under the prim and ugly boat-shaped hat. He saw a slender slip of a girl, looking about sixteen. She was shabbily dressed, with a jacket of old-fashioned cut adorned with a cheap fur, such as a shop girl might wear.

It gave him a distinct shock of disapproval, contrasted as it was with the beautiful hair coiled in a magnificent mass round the back of a decidedly shapely head.



The face might under other conditions have been pretty, but it was pale and thin, and at the present moment looked so tired and colourless as to be almost insipid.

She never once glanced in his direction, and read on with such intentness that her expression took a severity which checked a cheery remark he was on the point of uttering, as to the dismalmess of their present position. It would have considerably amused him if he had suspected that it was the sheer fright of shyness which had resolved itself into that forbidding unresponsiveness of feature.

He did not stay in the waiting-room many minutes. The roaring fire, the closed door made the atmosphere almost suffocating, at least to his sturdy health and strength, and he ventured out again on to the platform. He caught sight of the station-master retreating into his own domain—the porter had at last gone home for his tea—and joined him.

"You've got another passenger, Robson!" the young man said cheerily, accepting the station-master's invitation to step inside for a few moments.

It was almost impossible to stay on the platform, so the young man sat down on the station-master's chair, while Robson accommodated himself with a box which was also waiting for the Longwood train.

"Yes, sir," he said. Then with an air of imparting a piece of interesting and startling information: "She's for Moorlands!"

The information received all the astonishment he had expected.

"No!" Doubt, disgust, and wonder crossing the young man's good-looking face. "Such a child, too! It's a confounded shame!"

The station-master nodded.

"That's the sixth within eighteen months. And she's as innocent as the rest, I'll be bound! They're trying something different this time, sir. I assure you, it quite took me aback when she let out where she was going. I suppose they think she'll be easier managed—at her age, and innocent as a lamb, I'd say, judging by her face!"

The young man muttered an exclamation, in the meaning of which the station-master emphatically concurred.

"Lord! she ought to be warned! But of course, 'tain't no business of mine, sir."

Nor that of the young man either. The latter felt that to the full.

"Well, she'll find it out soon enough,

that's one good thing!" he said grimly. "The others did, and cleared out at once, though some of them, I should say, were able enough to take care of themselves," with a laugh, as he recalled the age and appearance of certain candidates for the position which the girl with the glorious hair was on her way to fill.

"That's just it, sir!" eagerly. "But I've been thinking that being so young like and innocent, and"—with the hesitation of a delicacy as fine as that of any gentleman—"not too well off, I should say, she might, you see, sir, get drawn on into staying, not knowing the unpleasantness and danger like——"

"But"—a sudden thought struck the young man as he recalled the common trimming and ancient cut of the jacket—"perhaps she mayn't be going as that at all. They are changing servants as usual, I happen to know."

A queer look crossed the station-master's rugged face as he glanced at the young man. Then with a short laugh:

"Lord, doctor, you've only got to speak to her, to see of what stuff she's made."

"She's not dressed as well as a lady's-maid, certainly," said the young man, with a laugh, "and she looks so pale and tired!" with genuine pity.

"Not much wonder! She's been travelling, you may say, two days. She came up from Cornwall yesterday. Poor young lady! She made a mistake in the train from London, and has been waiting here since three!"

"Poor child! And not a cup of tea or anything to be had in this confounded hole! She must be dying for something," as a vision of the pale, wearied face rose up before him. "Why, she won't get to Moorlands till nearly eight now!"

"I tried to persuade her to have some tea, sir," said Robson, with a faint touch of insulted dignity. "But she was shy like, or—afraid of giving trouble."

He did not like to say what he believed to be the real reason. The young man put it into words for him.

"More likely afraid of the expense, poor little thing!" pitifully. "I say, Robson, your wife's a good soul. Do you think if I ran down there and asked her, we could get something up here? If she'd help us, I'll see that the poor child has some."

The station-master was only too glad to assist in the plot. He had begun to feel a kindly responsibility in the comfort

and welfare of the girl passenger left on his hands for all these hours.

"And so pretty spoken as she is, poor young lady! I wish you had come sooner, Dr. Burton. You'd have managed it before now."

The young man laughed in his cheery, masterful way, and buttoning himself up into his thick overcoat, and pulling up the collar about his ears, he started off for the station-master's cottage, where he was a well-known and welcome visitor. It was not a pleasant walk in the darkness, over a rough road in the very teeth of the driving wind. It was nearly a ten minutes' walk in fine weather and by daylight, and it was some time before the doctor reappeared, laden with a big basket.

He had forgotten nothing. The kettle was boiled in the station, and a little later, as the girl passenger sat wearied to death, and sick at heart, anxious for the unknown future, and tender regretful longings for the past, the door of the waiting-room opened, and the station-master appeared with a small attractive tray, containing tea, a plate of the most temptingly-cut home-made bread-and-butter, and another of home-made cake.

"If you please, miss," he said apologetically, "the gentleman passenger has been having tea, and I thought, as it was here, you might be glad of some, too. It will be nearly three hours yet before you get to Moorlands."

The tired eyes brightened longingly at the sight of the tempting tray. Then the face fell at a sudden thought of the cost of the luxury.

"Thank you very much! How much?" nervously taking out her purse.

"Threepence, ma'am, please," promptly.

The look of pleased relief in her face showed that he had gauged her resources fairly.

"It's dreadfully cheap!" she said shyly.

"And I am really very glad of it," handing him the sum required.

"But she'd have fainted dead off before she had taken it for nothing!" said the station-master, as he retired to tell the success of his mission to the young doctor. If the two men had thoroughly enjoyed the preparation of that little impromptu meal, the girl passenger did equal justice to it.

She had scarcely eaten anything since the early morning, and had forgotten her sandwiches in the flurry of starting, while she had been too excited before to eat much breakfast.

When the station-master came in some time later the bread-and-butter and cake had disappeared, while a faint colour, as pretty as the blush of the wild rose, had stolen back into the pale cheeks.

"Thank you so much for thinking of me!" she said. "I feel ever so much better for the tea. But I am afraid," glancing doubtfully at the empty plates, and blushing like a school-girl, "are you sure it isn't anything more?"

"Lord, no, miss! You see," with cheerful mendaciousness, "Dr. Burton there, miss—he lives near where you are going—often has tea here when he's going back by train from seeing a distant patient, so as it is all there ready, it doesn't make the difference of more than a penny or two to me; my wife sends it up, you see."

The girl passenger felt very thankful that the doctor did require tea when waiting at Weybourne Station, and when some time later he strolled into the waiting-room she felt under a slight if unacknowledged obligation to him, and made an effort over her shyness to respond to his friendliness, when he commented on the weary length of their detention in the dreary, exposed station. But to her relief he did not stay long.

Yet there was something so pleasant and courteous in his manner that she suddenly found herself recalling the fact that the station-master had mentioned to her. After all she might make some pleasant acquaintance in that new, strange world to which she was travelling.

The local train came puffing into the station at last.

As, called by the station-master, she came out of the waiting-room, she saw the young doctor again on the platform. He was looking in another direction, a slight frown darkening his face.

The station-master had gone off to see her box put in the van, and making her way to the third-class compartments, she hastily decided on one that had only one occupant.

The young doctor, at that moment withdrawing his gaze from the first-class carriage which he had been watching, came quickly forward to open the door for her.

He lifted in her wraps, and raising his hat moved on to a first-class carriage, while the station-master came bustling up to wish her a pleasant ending to her cold journey. She felt quite sorry to see the last of his

honest, friendly face, and as the train moved on, she drew her shabby cloak closer about her, with a shiver of mingled mental excitement and physical chill, glancing as she did so at her fellow-traveller. It was a boy, apparently of about fourteen years of age.

## CHAPTER II.

THE wind seemed to gather fury as the train, at the usual pace of local railways, steamed through the darkness of the wild winter evening.

It drove the snow against the window-panes with such force, that in spite of closed windows the powdered flakes penetrated through the crannies of the fittings, and drifted into the carriage itself. It was a miserable third-class compartment, badly lit and generally comfortable.

As she glanced round, her eyes fell upon her fellow-passenger. The boy was sitting close up in his corner, on the same side of the carriage as herself, his face turned away from her, staring out through the window into the boisterous night. He had been sitting like that when she entered, and as far as she had noticed, had not shifted his position, nor even looked round at the little bustle of her own entry.

The only movement he had made, apparently, was to take his left hand out of his pocket, in which it had been plunged when she first saw him, for it rested, now loosely doubled up, on the seat.

She would not have noticed this slight change in his pose, but for the whiteness and thinness of the hand catching her passing glance.

The comparative warmth of the interior of the carriage had caused a mist to overspread the panes of the window, so that with the night and driving snowstorm outside, it was impossible to see anything through the glass, and she wondered, with a feeble flicker of amusement, what interest the boy was finding on the other side of the blurred window-panes to keep him staring so stolidly out into the night. She even wondered if he felt as cold and comfortless as herself. He wore no overcoat, but was clad in a warm and comfortable-looking grey suit; not that of a working lad. Though she could not see his face, there was something about the figure and clothes which suggested the gentleman.

But her wondering curiosity was only passing. A moment or two later, numbed with cold, exhausted with the physical

fatigue and mental anxieties and fears of the past few days, she relapsed into a listless contemplation of her own affairs as they concerned the past and the future.

She was on her way to take up her first engagement as governess to a delicate child, the daughter of some rich people who lived on the borders of Derbyshire. The day before she had come up from a fishing village in Cornwall, where she had been living since she left school, two years before, with an invalid maiden aunt, the only surviving relation of whom she knew anything. Her aunt's home would have been hers as long as that good lady lived, but owing to a recent bank failure her aunt's income, barely enough to live on as it was, had been suddenly reduced to one-half, and it was impossible, not only for her niece to stay on there, but also for the invalid to procure the necessities her own delicate state of health required.

It was then that Leila Mallet had determined to make a living for herself, and do what she could to return some of the many benefits her aunt had conferred on her. When, suddenly and unexpectedly, she had heard of the appointment to take up which she was now on her way, the girl felt that a most unusual piece of good fortune had fallen to her share. The salary was far beyond her dreams. A small portion of it would suffice for her own wants, the rest would provide those slight luxuries which, in her aunt's delicate state of health, were absolute necessities.

The parting between the two had been a bitter one, and with the grief of the parting was the dread of a shy girl, unaccustomed to society; for since her sojourn under her aunt's roof, she had led a life as narrow and secluded almost as a nun's. This terror of shyness and nervous expectation heightened as the train carried her moment by moment nearer her destination, until at last it almost overpowered the sense of physical weariness and discomfort. Her overstrained nerves and brain were wrought up to a point of such intense excitement, as the train rushed through the black, tempestuous night, that the roar of the wind outside, the irregular rattling noises of the wheels, skurrying every few seconds into synchronistic sound, to break again into hurried jarring, mingled with her doubts and fears, until at last the whole air about her seemed charged with an eerie excitement and presentiment of unknown peril. It needed all her self-control to force herself to sit there in

physical inaction, awaiting the fate that was coming to her.

It was just at the moment when her nerves were strung to their fullest pitch, that some impulse, or some strange irresistible influence made her glance in the direction of the boy in grey.

He had stirred at last. His face was still averted, but he had moved nearer her. He was sitting now almost in the centre of the carriage, his hand still resting on the wooden seat, his arm slightly outstretched. But the thin white hand was no longer closed. The fingers had opened, and were moving in a slight, creeping movement, along the seat in her direction. Probably the unnatural tension of nerves and brain had something to do with it, but suddenly, as she looked at those slowly crawling fingers, a frantic terror and repulsion fell on her, an unspeakable consciousness of horrible peril, with which she was shut in there alone, cut off from all human help and protection by the black night, with its deafening roar of wind and fantastic noises of rushing wheels.

She must have made some sound as she sat staring at the creeping fingers, for the hand suddenly closed, resting idly once more on the seat. The boy, perhaps astonished at her stifled exclamation, glanced for an instant in her direction, then thrusting his hand, with an air of boyish impatience, as of the cold, into his pocket, he turned his face once more to the window.

Lella, though still thrilling with that

indescribable nameless terror, was already faintly conscious of the absurdity of it.

The wild, unreasonable paroxysm of terror had passed, and she forced herself to look again at her fellow-passenger. She saw only an ordinary-looking school-boy, with a fat, rather heavy face, dressed in grey, well-made clothes, who was apparently as cold and weary as herself.

She was on the point of making some remark to him, to forcibly expel the last lingering distrust, when the train pulled up with a sudden jerk that threw her forward. She thought an accident had happened, and under the influence of a new fright, as she recovered her equilibrium she sprang up and let down the window. The shouting of men's voices and the opening of windows confirmed her impression. Regardless of the wind that rushed shrieking into the compartment, driving the snow into her face, she leaned out to try and discover the cause of the sudden stoppage of the train.

She succeeded in attracting the notice of the guard as he hurried past with his lantern, in the direction of the engine.

"It's nothing, miss. No cause for alarm!" with hasty but kindly gruffness. And in truth, a minute or two later, before Lella had time to speak to any of the other passengers, one or two of whom had alighted from their carriages, the train began to move on. Pulling up the carriage window, and turning to resume her seat, she saw that she was alone.

The boy in grey had disappeared.

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